

# Oxford Democrat.

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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. Gillett,

## EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance.  
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the  
Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond  
the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable  
deduction will be made for cash in advance.

## Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

## POETRY.

[ORIGINAL]

Lines written at the Homestead.

I will open this window, and let in the air,  
Altho' my dear father sits not in his chair;  
I gladly would see the bright sunbeams illume  
This long closely curtain'd and desolate room.

There, now the fresh breeze on my cheek softly plays,  
And I hear the sweet language of long banish'd days;  
I perceive in the vines and the blossoms, a voice  
Which forbids me to weep, tho' I cannot rejoice.

My father, how oft when thy dwelling I've ne'r'd,  
Hath thy broad, noble braw at this window appear'd;  
'Twas the place whereat noon and at eve thou didst look  
With a scholar's delight on thy paper or book.

I miss thee, dear father, the sun brightly shines,  
And the voice of glad Summer is heard in the vines;  
I see the still trees in their gracefulness wave,  
But my thoughts hover over thy green sodded grave.

Notwithstanding all nature is glowing in light,  
Here is much to remind me of sorrow and blight;  
How unlike is the still, empty house to the home  
To which in past days with such joy I have come!

On the threshold no parent with greetings doth stand,  
No friend and no sister extendeth the hand:  
The grass in the pathway luxuriant springs,  
And the long fasten'd door half unwillingly swings.

Oh, my father, my father, thy children have come  
Once more to their lov'd, but now desolate, home;  
We delight so to call it, 'tis hallow'd by tears,  
And trax'd on our hearts by the pencil of years.

Deh! thy spirit, my father, not linger here still,  
And, unseen, touch the chords which so painfully thrill?  
Shall we meet not again till life's struggle is o'er,  
And our fast sailing barques touch eternity's shore?

—

## SNOW'S FALLS.

It is no dread Niagara frowning down  
O'er mighty cliffs, making the earth to shake,  
Filling all nations of the world with awe;  
Or deep Missourian river tumbling o'er  
The mighty rocks; but one small humble stream,  
Scarce noticed by the world; that rises here  
Mid our own hills, and flows through our own vales.

Thou art our own;  
Dear Androscoggin! And around thy name  
Are clustering pleasant memories. May-day walks  
Are lived again; we see again the group  
Of smiling faces gathered on thy shores  
To celebrate the Spring's return, and find  
The May-flower, and the innocence; meanwhile  
Starting thy echoes with their merry laugh;  
Voices thy stream will hear, perhaps, no more!  
And thy green island is a cool retreat

In the hot summer's day. Away from sound  
Of man, unless the woodman's axe is heard;  
Falling thy forests, (thirst, not sentiment,  
Inspires the deed,) to cast into the streams;  
And feed the mills erected on thy shores.  
Thy falls are the sole wonder of thy course,  
And they are wondrous. Where the waters pass  
Between two rugged hills, suddenly compressed  
Within a chasm of the solid rock,

They fret, and rage, and roar against the sides,  
Dashing impetuous o'er obstructing rocks,  
Whitened with foam they reach the river's bed,  
Covering it's surface with a snowy sheet.

Some old traditions linger round thy name.  
'Twas many years ago, while wigwams yet

Were in our woods; when herds of Moose came down  
To drink from out their pond, from off the Mount

Where Molly Locket lived within her cave;  
The hunter's gun was heard amid the hills,  
Re-echoing as it were in triumph o'er

The stately Moose's death. The red men heard  
And spoke unto each other. "Shall we leave

Our hunting-grounds to the weak pale-faced?"  
Or shall we drive them from us?"

One morn an Indian and a hunter met  
Within the narrow pass; above them rose

The steep hill-side, and far beneath their feet  
The river, swollen by the heavy rains,

High on the mossy rock was rolling on  
In foaming madness to the gulf beneath.

Each stood and glared

A moment on the other; and each knew  
That one must die! 'Twas but a moment, yet

Long years were in it, for his whole past life  
Rushed on the white man's mind, he seemed to see

His wife and children watching his return  
Till Hope grew sick, and then was Agony;

And earth looked fair around him; but he saw  
The powerful red-man with revengeful scowl,  
And 'neath him roared the waves.

'Twas a short, fearful struggle, then a shriek  
Rose high above the waters; all was done!

The Indian fled;

And told his brethren—"White men came to spy

Our land. One of them has been taught the height

Of the steep cliffs; his pale-faced aqua will look

From out his wigwam, but shall watch in vain

For his return. A flake of snow has fallen

'Mid the white foam." And then the shout arose.

Long years have passed since then. The Moose is known

Not as the creature of a former time,

Altho' the little pond still bears their name.  
And Molly Locket's Mountain scarce can show  
A relic of her dwelling. White men plough  
The fields where once the Indian shot the deer.  
The narrow pass above the Falls is changed  
Into a highway, and the travellers pause  
To gaze, and, if the stream is low, (as 'tis  
In the hot months of summer,) to pass down  
Upon the rock, and see the chasm scooped  
Within the solid Granite; speculate  
Upon the time the waters and the rocks  
Have whirled about within it, to wear out  
Its present size, and how large it may be  
A century hence.

And then advancing to the waters edge  
Gaze down into the chasm. See the white waves  
Dash against the impetuous sides of their rough path,  
Hear their loud roaring echoed by the rocks,  
And feel the weakness of the creature, man,  
The power and glory of Creator.—God.

behind an angle of the road. At twenty-five minutes to five, not a second later or earlier, we drove into the coach-yard at Aix-la-Chapelle.

THE BLACKSMITH AT THE BATTLE OF BRAUNIWINE.—And now I have given you some instances of courage and heroic daring among those high in station and renowned in fame. One instance more—an example of reckless courage.—The hero was a stout blacksmith—a manly blacksmith, but his stout frame hardened by toil, throbbed with as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of a Lafayette, or throbbed round the heart of a mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full tide of retreat, that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was driving a baggage wagon from the battle field, while some short distance behind a body of Continentals were rushing forward, with a troop of Britishers in close pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the bye road leading to the south, where two high banks of rock and craig arising on either side, afforded just space sufficient for the passage of his wagon, and not an inch more.

His eye was arrested by the sight of a stout, muscular man, some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of this pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and with the shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf, with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood streamed in a torrent from his right leg, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight—he would have paused at the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout hearted mechanic refused.

"I'll not get into your wagon," he exclaimed, in his rough way; "but I'll tell you what I will do. You see yonder cherry tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you could lift a man of my build up there? For you see, neighbor," he continued, while the blood flowed from his wound, "I never meddled with the Britishers until they came trampling over this valley and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and bn't got more than fifteen minutes life in me! But I have got three good rifle balls in my cartridge box, and so just pop the up against that cherry tree, and I'll give 'em the whole three shots, and then I'll be ex-claimed, 'and then I'll die!'"

The wagoner started his horses ahead and then with a sudden effort of strength, dragged the blacksmith along to the foot of the cherry tree surmounting the rock by the road side.

In a moment his back was propped against the tree, his face was to the advancing troopers, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, while the blacksmith very coolly proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his steed, with an exclamation, "That's for Gen. Washington." In a moment the rifle was loaded, again it was fired, and the pursuing British rode over the body of another fallen officer. "That's for myself!" cried the blacksmith. And then with a hand strong with the feelings of coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded, again raised his rifle. His last shot and as another soldier kissed the sod, the tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith.

"And that," he cried with a husky voice which strengthened into a shout, "And that's for mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle was past, the body was discovered, propped against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, whilst the right hand grasped the never failing rifle.

And thus died one of the ten thousand brave

mechanic heroes of the revolution, brave in the

hour of battle; undaunted in the hour of retreat;

undismayed in the hour of death.

MAN. We find the following rich morsel in one of Dow's sermons:

"Man looks upon life just as he does upon the women—there's no living with them, and he can't live without them. He will run after them and rather than be held will lose coat tail and his character—kisses them for love, and kicks them for leading them into trouble. So with life I say; he partakes of its pleasures, and then d—s it for its pains; gathers bouquets of bliss, and when blossoms have faded, he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars; which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise, when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspecting as a tree toad in a thunder storm."

He was told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition! and I am one of them.

TEMPTATION.—To resist temptation once, is not sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, when he is sure his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and, if he is overcome, you share his guilt.—Seneca.

THE GERMAN BEGAN TO SNORE.

"Position, vorwarts!" shouted the conductor.

"Position, vorwarts!"

"Position, vorwarts!" shouted the conductor.

We were all off at a gallop. I put my head

out of the window to try to get a view of the ru-

ins, but it was all in vain; they had disappeared.

MAN A SENTIENT BEING. Thought, which exercises the highest activity of the soul, has been regarded as a purely intellectual act, and intellect has been defined to be the thinking faculty, as distinct from activity or sensibility. Thought is looked upon as something dry and cold; and a "man of thought" would designate man without soul, without heart, destitute of love or sentiment, living only in abstractions. But there are no abstractions in actual life. A purely intellectual being may, as it has been said, be conceived of, but such a being man is not. Such a being might indeed think, that is, know, but thinking and knowing in such a being could not and would not be what they are in us. Man is the essence sentiment. He cannot divest himself of his sensibility, for he cannot divest himself of himself. Always and everywhere, then must he feel. When he acts, acts where or to what he will, he must feel. He can perform no dry, cold intellectual act. Even the metaphysician, pouring over his abstractions, withered and dry as he seem, is still a man, and has a heart; and after days, weeks, months, and years of painful watching and laborious study, truth at last dawns on his soul, and he grasps his solution of the problem which had tortured his heart, he too is moved, and in a sort of parturient exaltation, "I have found it, I have found it!"

Draw your children to you by real kindness—let them see that you study their best interest and happiness rather than your own pleasure and convenience. Take especial pains to make home the most pleasant place on earth to them. This will effectually keep them from bad company.—The memory of home "home, sweet home," insp'ry early associations and mother's love, watchfulness and prayers, have been the talisman which has enabled many a soul to bear up and buffet in after years against the winds of adversity and the tide of temptation which have assailed them through a long life—and who shall limit the extent of a mother's influence?

LOVE LETTER EXTRAORDINARY.—The following very touching epistle was found in Woodside, carefully folded in a piece of dirty colored blue paper, like that used by grocers. An epistle so eloquently sweet can only have emanated from the pen of one of the fraternity. "My—Dearest—, I was very much struck with your unearthy beauty the other Sunday in the place of worship. Tell me are you a Angel from the Relms of Bliss come here for to lay waste hearts like mine, so susceptible to love. Those blew eyes of yours, which expresses love so strong, and also those sweet cheeks and lips were made for kissing. You know your charms would melt a Samson, and oh if you resist my importunities, I shall dissolve away and be no more.—Excuse this dearest—. Love to your sister."

SCRUBLES OF A SAVAGE. M. Dumoutier, a Frenchman, has been "round the world," at the expense of his government, collecting skulls and casts of the great family of man. Many savage tribes, attaching great sacredness to the remains of the dead, were loth to gratify his scientific cravings. One of the natives of a most ferocious tribe of the Malays, of whom M. Dumoutier requested a skull, tendering him silver in exchange, offered for him, and give him the skull, but would not allow him to touch the bones resting in the tomb.

SLANDER and SCANDAL differ much in the manner of their attack. Slander is "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," but scandal is "the destruction that wasteth at noonday." Scandal seldom looks forward to the consequences of its acts, and sometimes repents of them; slander ever looks at the result of its labors, and is disappointed if it fail in its object. Slander is deliberate; scandal is thoughtless. Malice is the companion of the one; folly is the comrade of the other.

If husbandry is made respectable as it ought to be, it will serve to check one of the greatest evils that now bear heavily upon the community—the rush of our young men into the learned professions, which are filled to overflowing, especially the law, which, under the present wretched course of legislation, of making litigation cheap is starving this once honorable and most useful profession.

SENTIMENT.—Behold, my Flora, how glorious Nature looks in her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the wood is dressed in its green livery, and the plain is carpeted with grass and flowers.

Yes, Charles, I was thinking of the same thing. These flowers are dandelions, and they are gathered and put into a pot, with a piece of good fat pork; they make the best greens in the world.

"Are you a democrat?" "No, stranger, I'm a shoemaker." "Oh you don't understand me." "I mean what part do you take in politics?" "Polly Ticks, I don't know any gal by that name; I reckon she don't live in these diggins."

We notice in a North Carolina paper, the marriage of Mr. James Plank to Miss Rebecca Payne. If that plank don't get the rough edges playned off, we are no judges of human nature!

WEIRD SAY. Never trust a married man with a secret who loves his wife; for he will tell her—and she will tell her sister—and her sister will tell any body and every body.

DR. FRANKLIN observed: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine Ruffles nor fine furniture."

A negro woman named Tina Lewis, died at Key west a few days since, at the astonishing age of 117 years. She retained her faculties to the last.

THE "WAR CLUB," a Clay county paper at Pittsburgh, has given up the ghost. It is said it was Polked to death.

A Mr. Kettablock, of Illinois, has married a Potts. This is the latest news we hear about the "pott's" calling the "kettle-black."

An exchange paper says that an old bachelor is living lible upon his father and mother.—Who are the authors of this lie?

It's werry convenient to find one's self married, not only to your wife, but to all her relations as lives within fifty miles round."

"I wish to introduce a bill for the destruction of worms," said a woodpecker member in a stumpy speech.



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Yours truly,

O. P. Q.

LEWISTON, TUESDAY EVE, AUGUST 6, 1844.

**FRIEND MILLETT:**—The democrats have had a glorious gathering at this place to-day. The best judges say, at least 1500 or 2000 people were present this afternoon. The people, (a large portion of whom were farmers) came up from all directions, from Lincoln, Cumberland, Kennebec and Old Oxford. This "earthy" game in, in droves, some towns turning out their hundreds and fifty of them celebrated "coon skins" and indeed no section of Eastern Oxford was left unrepresented. The very best feeling prevailed the meeting. The Brunswick & Topsham delegation came in preceded by a band of music, which by their enlivening strains, added much to the interest of the occasion.

A platform, erected last week by the whigs, for their District Convention meeting, and which was not used by them, in consequence of the rain, which frightened the "coons" into the Baptist Meeting House, was occupied by the several speakers, and around which was gathered the vast multitude to hear. The meeting was called to order by Col. Frye, of Lewiston, who nominated N. S. Littlefield as President of the day. Mr. Drummond made a most fervent and eloquent appeal to the Throne of Grace.

The meeting was successively addressed by J. W. Bradbury Esq., of August—Col. Andrews of Dixfield, Col. French of Nobleborough and Speaker Dunn of Poland. Mr. Bradbury made a capital speech on the Tariff and Texas questions. For logical reasoning—clear and lucid illustrations, and convincing argument, Mr. B. has few equals, and notwithstanding bodily indisposition under which he labored he made one of his best efforts.

At two o'clock a procession was formed on the west side of the river, under the direction of Adjutant General Redding, as Chief Marshall aided by ten assistant Marshalls—Genls. Perry, Clark, Bolster, and Col. Andrews acted in the last mentioned capacity from Oxford. The procession, preceded by the band, marched in sections of four to the place occupied by the speakers.

After being seated, Ex-Gov. Fairfield arose to address the multitude and was received with three deafening cheers. He spoke about an hour and a half in his usual happy style. His speech was acknowledged on all hands to have been a masterly effort. As a public speaker, Gov. Fairfield has few equals and no superiors in this State.

Mr. Clifford, of Newfield, followed Gov. F. in a speech abounding in facts, statistics and figures on the Tariff question; in which the coon doctrine of protection, for the sake of protection, was "knocked unto a cocked up hat."

Col. Lane of York Co. and Mr. Streeter, of Turner, addressed the assembly, after which, the multitude gave three cheers for Polk and Dallas, and three more for Gov. Anderson and then retired.

The doctrines and policy of the democratic party were clearly laid down by the several speakers—enthusiasm seemed to prevail on all sides, and I believe the democrats who have attended this meeting, have all gone home destined to act well their part till Polk, Dallas and Anderson are all elevated to the high and important stations, to which they will certainly be called by the American freemen.

O. P. Q.

OTISFIELD, THURSDAY AUGUST 8, 1844.

**FRIEND MILLETT:**—I have just come of an amalgamation meeting composed of coons, Abolitionists, and a few democrats who came in as spectators, which has commenced in Mr. Richardson's meetinghouse, in this town, to continue to-day and to-morrow.

Well, the call was made announcing a public discussion was to take place between the Whigs and Abolitionists, according to the "great guns" of both parties made their appearance. Gen. Fessenden, Gen. Appleton and Col. Miller of Vermont led on the abolition forces—while Gov. Kent with his "civil posse" composed of George Evans, F. H. Morse, Wm. P. Fessenden and Josiah S. Little, appeared as the vanguard of the Coons.

Gen. Fessenden opened the discussion in a speech over two hours long in which he cut with a two edged sword, first into the whigs then into the coons—Gen. F. being an old federalist himself, and having had much experience in whig devilry, came out in strong terms with his exposures of the dangerous tendency of whig principles and handled his old allies without gloves. He told Gen. Evans, that he and John Davies were "tipped out of the tail end of the cart" at the Whig National Convention, as candidates for the Vice Presidency, because they belonged to the North and Frelinghuyse selected only because he lived in the Slave State of New Jersey.

He referred to the "gum game" the abolitionist played upon themselves by voting in '40 for old Tip and Capt. Tyler—and warned his Whig Abolition brethren not again to practice an inconsistency, by voting for Clay.

Gen. F. was followed by Mr. Evans, who took the occasion to make a real out and out coon speech scarcely referring to the Abolitionists, and uttering a long tirade of abuse and misrepresentation, directed solely to the democrats. The old Tariff hobby of protection, was harped upon—Gen. Jackson's abuse of the Indians raked up from the sleeping ashes of the dead—Van Buren's Florida war was fought over, &c. & &c. In his conclusion he told the abolitionists the only way to abolish slavery was to vote for Henry Clay—an idea so supremely ridiculous that even Evans himself could hardly refrain from laughing while declaring it.

The democrats, tho' earnestly solicited to join them in giving battle to the Abolitionists, chose (and wisely in my opinion) to be merely "lookers on in Venice." With them is a kind of "skunk and hedgehog" fight, caring little which "ticks." Altho' they might wish to reply to some of the foul and flagrant misrepresentations of the speakers of both sides of the high contending parties; still prudence would dictate to them, to avoid any kind of coalition with the Federal party.

Altho' Mr. Evans appeared exceedingly sensitive on the question of private character (perhaps in part from selfish motives) still Clay's corrupt life, habits, and principles will be fully exposed, and in the end operate a signal defeat. *Polk and Dallas, onward, onward, are the watchwords of the Otisfield democracy.*

Yours truly,

O. P. Q.

NOT SO FAST.—The Whig Papers, Kennebec Journal and Lincoln Telegraph say that Morse is sure of a re-election. We say "he can't come it." Morse is a fine fellow, but his political principles have been proved and heard among us and they smell so strong of whiggery we intend give him leave of absence from Congress securing to him the right to stay at home. This is no easier said than done; so prepare for defeat.

The Democrats on hand!—We shall soon have a Mass Meeting in this County. Our friends are waking up. Every Democrat is on the look out. Stand back, Whigery, and make room for the Democracy of "Old Oxford." The Bears and Lyons are beginning to growl. Coons must lay low and keep dark.

**Whig Testimony as to the Whig Candidate.** The following summary is from the Natchez Free Trader:

Who charged Henry Clay with making a corrupt bargain with John Quincy Adams?

Answer. John Bell, (Harrison's Secretary of War,) Ephraim A. Foster, (Whig Senator in Congress,) and George E. Badger, of North Carolina, (Harrison's Secretary of the Navy.)

Who endorsed the charge? The Legislature of Tennessee; John P. Kennedy, Reverdy Johnson, Senator Merrick, and many of the most distinguished Whigs of Maryland and the Union.—When the whig papers renounce this charge as false, they nail the falsehood down upon their leaders.

Who charged Mr. Clay with setting up a dictatorship in the capitol, a caucus power to control legislation and embarrass the executive?

Who charged Mr. Clay with attempting to overthrow the constitution to promote his own views? Thomas F. Marshall, the whig Representative in Congress of Mr. Clay's own district.

Who said that Mr. Clay had too many heresies to deserve his support? Daniel Webster.

Who said that Henry Clay had treated him with gross ingratitude in return for generous services? Gen. Wm. H. Harrison.

Who says that Henry Clay is tampering with the abolitionists, and wrote his Texas letter to secure their support? Gen. Felix Houston, here to fore the strongest and most influential friend Mr. Clay had in Mississippi.

Who charged Mr. Clay with urging on the duels which resulted in the death of Gilley? Henry A. Wise, a good Whig, whose course towards Col. Polk, the Whigs are now applauding.—American.

**HAPPY ENGLAND.**—Professor Wright in his letter from England in the Boston Chronicle, says the farms held by the aristocracy and gentlemen rent to farmers at from \$9 to \$24 an acre! So great is the competition in bidding, there being about 50 applications to every farm advertised to rent. A week's wages of stout laboring man, will only buy one bushel of wheat. They feed their children, who are quite plenty, on bread and pea soup—meat seldom. This is the country that has such a holy horror of American slavery!—American.

**Inconsistency of Henry Clay.**—He has been for and against the United States Bank.

He has been for and against a high Protective Tariff.

He has been for and against the Masonic fraternity.

He has been for and against a Military Chief-tain for President.

**The BRITISH TORIES** have imprisoned O'Connell, but only for twelve months, and not a laborer among felons.

**The AMERICAN WHIGS** have imprisoned Gov. Dorr, at hard labor, among thieves and burglars, AND FOR LIFE.

It was said long ago, that one renegade is worse than ten Turks. Here we have an illustration of it.

The bastard whigs of this country, surpass the british tories in malignity, as much as the cowboys of the Revolution did the British regulars.—*Maine Age.*

**PASS IT ROUND.**—That the Whigs are opposed over two hours long in which he cut with a two edged sword, first into the whigs then into the coons—Gen. F. being an old federalist himself, and having had much experience in whig devilry, came out in strong terms with his exposures of the dangerous tendency of whig principles and handled his old allies without gloves. He told Gen. Evans, that he and John Davies were "tipped out of the tail end of the cart" at the Whig National Convention, as candidates for the Vice Presidency, because they belonged to the North and Frelinghuyse selected only because he lived in the Slave State of New Jersey.

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Learned Doctors sometimes disagree.

George Evans contends that the tariff reduces the consumer.

John Quincy Adams says that "The Doctor's that duties of impost cheapen the price of articles upon which they are levied, seems to conflict with the dictates of common sense."

Who is right? John Q. Adams or, George Evans?

#### FARMERS READ THIS!

Henry Clay, in a letter of Messrs. Brannah and Bledsoe, of Georgia, under date of July 8th, 1843 said,

**AGRICULTURE NEEDS NO PROTECTION.**

We can easily imagine the dismay and disappointment of the leading federalists in this County at the renunciation of Dr. Mann. It will require the greatest efforts of the whigs to keep their party together. Let the democrats take hold now, and nothing can save the federal party.—Vindicator.

**EXPLOSION COMING!**—We understand that the articles which appeared in the Madison, reflecting severely upon the character of Henry Clay, and were published while Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, anonymous, are to appear again, shortly, with the author's name attached viz;—"DANIEL WEBSTER."—B Post.

In 1843 the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, the especial organ of Mr. Clay, used the following language in respect to the present tariff:—*Our Tariff is too high for the best interests of the country—HIGHER FAR HIGHER THAN MR. CLAY RECOMMENDED OR APPROVES;* and beyond all question public opinion will compel its modification!

The Democrats on hand!—We shall soon have a Mass Meeting in this County. Our friends are waking up. Every Democrat is on the look out. Stand back, Whigery, and make room for the Democracy of "Old Oxford." The Bears and Lyons are beginning to growl. Coons must lay low and keep dark.

It is ominous circumstances are as worse, our join us, though poor Whigs?

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It is ominous circumstances are as worse,

POETRY.

[IMPROVEMENT.]  
TO A LADY ON THE RECEIPT OF A FORGET-ME-NOT.

Forget thee? Yes, when Earth forgets  
Her old, diurnal round,  
When stars forget to gem the sky,  
And flowers to deck the ground.  
  
My memory often fails in dates,  
Is treacherous in love,  
And cannot always trace the path  
My feet before have trod.  
  
But of life's transitory things,  
To one it is most true;  
I never forget a lovely face—  
Of course, I cannot you.  
  
To be remembered well and long  
Is beauty's favored lot;  
'Twas but in sport you gave to me  
This frail Forget-me-not.  
  
I cannot boast one spell to break  
Oblivion's stern decree;  
In kindness, then, sometimes vouchsafe  
A gentle thought to me.

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1844.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.  
BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

If poverty, as it is said, makes us acquainted with strange companions, railroads assuredly introduce us to as strange associates; and perhaps this very circumstance is not one of its least recommendations, for by it we become acquainted with a class of persons whom we might otherwise never have encountered, and acquire a knowledge of human nature which, if not always agreeable, is certainly not without its advantages. How far the adventure I am about to relate may exemplify this hypothesis I leave my readers to judge, but to me it was not void of interest.

Having occasion to go to Norwich to visit an invalid friend, I proceeded to the station whence the railroad trains depart, and, finding it was ten minutes too soon, I entered the waiting room; and, for want of other occupation, glanced around on the motley groups, who, like myself, were waiting for the sound of the bell to hurry to the carriages.

Among the persons present, I was struck by a very pretty young woman, neatly, if not elegantly dressed, near to whom sat a man whose eyes were riveted on her face, and who whispered to her words which, whatever might have been their import, brought bright blushes on her cheek.

So intently, and so wholly occupied was this man by his fair companion, that he appeared totally unconscious of the presence of the persons who surrounded them, while the woman evinced a degree of unaffected timidity, which indicated that she had not been much accustomed to scenes like that in which she was now placed.

The female part of those waiting for the train, eyed the person in question with a curiosity that argued more of ill than good nature. Her smart bonnet, rich veil, neat robe, and fashionable cardinal, were alternately examined; but neither these, nor her pretty face seemed to find favor in their sight, and all the marks of exclusive attention paid her by her male companion—and they were many—only served to increase the expression of ill nature so visible in their countenances. The men, too, at least the younger portion, stared more than gond breeding could justify, at the pretty woman, and glanced somewhat spiteful at her protector.

What is it that renders the generality of women so dissatisfied at observing one of their own sex occupying the exclusive attention of a pretty woman who is a total stranger to them? Alas! for poor human nature, the question may be easily solved. At length the ringing of the bell summoned the passengers to leave the waiting room, and I noticed the glance of alarm with which the pretty stranger shrank from the pressure of this bustling crowd who rushed by her, and clung closer to the side of her companion, who involuntarily pressed her arm to his heart as to re-assure her. This pair were the last to quit the room, for he appeared unwilling to expose her in the rude contact of the crowd; and, prepossessed in their favor, I was glad when I saw him enter the carriage in which I was seated, and take their places opposite to me. But, scarcely had they done so, when the woman exclaimed—

"Oh, dear! I have left my reticule in the waiting room, and my purse and keys are in it!"

"I will get it in a moment, dearest," replied he, and rapidly left the carriage, and rushed towards the place she had named. He had not, however, reached it, when the signal was made, and off started the train like lightning, groaning and shrieking, as if in torture, and it flew along, leaving every moment a vast space between the route it madly passed over. Houses, chimney tops, trees and fields, seemed to fly past us with an incredible velocity, that made the head giddy; so that a minute elapsed before I thought of my pretty travelling companion. When I did, I was really shocked at the metamorphosis that had taken place in her countenance. Pale as marble, and her eyelids destitute with alarm, she looked the very personification of Terror. I suppose the sympathy that my looks expressed touched her, for she burst into tears, and her bosom heaved with sobs.

"Do not be alarmed," said I, with all the kindness I could throw into my voice and manner; "your friend will certainly follow you in the next train."

An elderly woman, with countenance exceedingly repulsive pinched in her thin lips, and shook her head in a manner that denoted her opinion that the absent gentleman was not likely to follow.

"It was very strange that our friend should

jump out of the carriage at the very time he must have known it was about to start," said the elderly lady, "and somewhat suspicious that he should have done so, hearing you say your purse was left behind. People should be very cautious with whom they travel," and the speaker looked suspiciously.

"If you have lost your purse," said a vulgar young man, dressed in a showy style, "let me be your banker."

"I know not whether this offer was heard by her to whom it was addressed, for she took no notice of it, but the elderly woman who had before spoken to her, glanced sternly at the young man, and remarked, "that it is well for those who were so rich as to offer to pay for any stranger with whom they might chance to meet."

"Any money you may require until your friend comes, I will gladly furnish you with, said I taking hold of her hand, which trembled exceedingly."

"Thank you; I am very sensible of your kindness," replied she; but her tears still continued to flow.

"Well, some people have rare luck," observed an elderly woman; offers of money are made them at every side, without any one so much as asking them who or what they are, whence they came, or who was the person that jumped out of the carriage the moment the purse was mentioned to have been left behind."

"How soon, madam, will the next train follow?" asked the pretty young woman, addressing herself to me.

"In two hours," answered I,

"I can, I suppose, remain in the waiting room until it arrives?" inquired she; "and though it will be very disagreeable to find myself alone and unprotected!"

"Oh? for the matter of that, I don't mind staying with you," interrupted the young man.

"I thought as much," muttered the elderly lady. "Some people can always find people to stay with them, though other people can't. No one never offers to pay for, or stay with me, though for the matter of that, if they did I'd scorn to be beholden to any one; but then I take care not to leave my purse behind, or to travel with people who jumped out of the carriage the moment the train is going to start, and she looked spitefully at the pretty young woman.

"I shouldn't wonder," said the young man, impudently. "Does your anxious mother know you out?"

"And what's that to you, I should like to know?" answered she angrily.

"Instead of remaining alone two hours in the waiting room, would it not be as well for you to continue your route to the place of your destination?" said I.

"And where are you going to, if it is not a secret?" demanded the elderly woman.

"To Norwich," answered the pretty woman. "I am going to the same place," resumed I, "and will gladly take charge of you to your friends, together with the buildings thereon," which Deed of Mortage is recorded with Oxford Records Book 65 page 545; and whereas the conditions of said Mortage have been broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the provisions of the Statute in such case made and provided.

"I am expected," replied she; "but the friends who look for me have never yet seen; and she blushed a rosy red while making the avowal.

"Expected by friends whom you have never yet seen?" repeated the elderly woman; "well, that is a strange thing, I must say;" and she looked more suspicious and spiteful than ever.

Many were the attempts made by the forward young man to enter into conversation with my pretty traveling companion, and as many were those made by the elderly woman to draw from her the particulars of her position; she, however, behaved with a modest but dignified reserve, that foiled the efforts of both, and increased the interest I felt towards her. Arrived at the station where the railroad terminated, the passengers entered the waiting room, and I again renewed my offer of pecuniary assistance to the fair unknown, in case she wished to proceed to join the friends who expected her at Norwich; when, to my surprise, she confided to me that she had been married, only that morning, to the person who had been left behind; that she had never previously been separated from her husband, whom she had never seen; and that she was proceeding to pass the honeymoon with the parents of her husband, whom she had never yet seen; and that this had been her first journey on a railroad.

No wonder, then, that the youthful bride felt alarmed at the embarrassing situation in which she found herself—a situation which she was pleased to say would have been infinitely more

suspicious, if her modesty forbade her to speak of her secret; for her modesty rendered her speechless, as she stood apart from the herd of spectators, waiting to be seated in the carriage.

John F. POTTER, Dept. Sh. 310  
Sweden, July 27, 1844.

SHERIFF'S SALE.  
STATE OF MAINE, OXFORD, 1844.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Auction on Tuesday the 27th day of August, A.D. 1844, at the Store of Benjamin Nevers, in Sweden, at two o'clock P.M. to stand down, all the rights in equity which Nevers, & Co. have in the property, and to the redemption of a certain lot of land situated in Sweden, being part of Lot No. 55, in the second division of Lots in Sweden, beginning at the Northeast corner of Lot No. 55, thence running South 29 degrees East 55 rods to a stake and stones—thence North 64 degrees East 55 rods to a stake and stones—thence North 24 degrees West to a stake and stones at the North line of said Lot—thence on said North line to the first mentioned boundary, containing twenty acres more or less;—it being the same that was mortgaged to John Patterson for sixteen dollars, and is now due with interest.

JOHN F. POTTER, Dept. Sh. 310  
Sweden, July 27, 1844.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, I shall sell at public Auction on Saturday the twenty-fourth day of August next, at 10 o'clock A.M. at the Court House in Paris, in said County, the River Farm so called in said Town belonging to the Estate of Ebenezer Rawson, late of said Paris, deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and incidental charges. Terms of sale made known at the time of sale—here is a rare opportunity to invest money in real Estate most eligibly situated E. G. RAWSON, Administrator

July 13, 1844.

1844.

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

MILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivotal Teeth, done by T. H. BROWN, Paris Hill, Price—Filling with Gold, from 50 cts to \$1.00.  
To Tin Piv., 25 cts 50.  
Cleaning set of Teeth, 60 1.00.  
Setting Pivotal Teeth, \$1.00 1.50, & 2.00  
Wool warranted—March 25. 11.47

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE.

WILL be sold at Auction to the highest bidder on Monday, the 26th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the real estate belonging to HARVEY WAIT, late of Mexico, in the County of Oxford, deceased, being the homestead Farm of said deceased, excepting the Widow's Thirds. Also the right of reversion of the Widow's dower in the premises. LUCY W. WAIT, Administratrix.

Mexico, July 17th, 1844.

WRIGHT'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

The true character of Counterfeits and sellers of counterfeit Medicines.

NO medicine has ever been introduced to

America, which virtues have been more

fully and universally acknowledged by its vast population and extensive circulation than Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

To extirpate their various virtues at this late season would

be a work of supererogation, since few who peruse this article

will be found unacquainted with the widely circulated proofs of

the real excellence of the medicine, to which many will be

ready to add the testimonials of their own experience.

But if further proof were needed of the value of the remedy, it

might be found in the fact that no medicine in the market has

been so shamelessly and repeatedly counterfeited.

Ignorant, envious, and unprincipled men, have in different

places manufactured a similar pill, bearing a superficial re

semblance to the true article, but composed either impotent or

deleterious ingredients, which they have sought to foist upon

the public as the veritable

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

These fraudulent swindlers could never pass off their very

wares upon the public but for the connivance and assistance of

the (so-called) respectable druggists, for the sake of a little

profit, to be gained from this most impudent and impudent

system of imposition.

The counterfeiter of a popular medicine

will be detected by the latter's later, sink to nothing in comparison

with those inflicted upon society by the former.

We might paint him wringing the mite from the hard hand of invalid pen

it which is extended for the boon of health, and receives in

return to us the drug that protracts and aggravates disease, or

turns it in its best aspect, so as to rage unchecked.

How melancholy is the reflection that thousands may have been

hurried to the grave by having a counterfeit substituted for the

true medicine, who, but for the retail fraud, might now be living

in high health, the delight and hope of the social circle.

All classes are interested in putting down these

counterfeits.

Resident Owners 1843.

Real Estate. Tax due.

Names. Edward A. Boyd, \$1.99  
Eliza Budell, 2.20  
Adria Budell, 0.00  
Moses Cutting, 1.75  
Simon W. Gregg, 29.70  
Ephraim F. Goddard, 7.19  
Benjamin Hall, 9.00  
Mark Porter, 7.45

Non-Resident Owners, 1842.

No. of Lots. Real Estate. Tax due.

No. Range. Div. Com. Share. No. Acres. Value. Tax due.

Eben Webster, E. side 1 5 2 50 25 30

Joshua Dunn, 1 D 100 50 1.20

Do. W. side 3 100 50 60

Unknown, 1 4 2 50 25 30

Ayers Mason, E. side, 13 2 2 50 25 30

Silas D. Gregg's House and Stables at Corner, 1 330 3.96

Non-Resident Owners, 1843.

No. of Lots. Real Estate. Tax due.

No. Range. Div. Com. Share. No. Acres. Value. Tax due.

Moody Bridges, 1 100 7 10

Phineas Wood, 2 2 2 100 50 6.36

Do. Jordan Farm, 400 5.60

Joshua Dunn, 1 D 100 50 1.40

Do. 3 W. side 3 2 100 50 1.40

Silas D. Gregg's House and Stables at Corner, 330 4.62

Un. Goddard's Mills, so called, 400 5.60

do. Young and Bare occupied by

Moses Cutting, 150 2.55

do. West side 13 2 100 50 21

do. East side 110 2 50 15 21

Ayers Mason, 13 2 2 50 23

PARNUM ABBOTT, Treasurer of Andover, July 27